

Waves crashed with astonishing volume on the comparatively quiet sands of the beach. Shells littered the shallows and just above the current waterline, as it was low tide this hour. With the soft swish of metal passing leisurely through sand, accompanied by the similar sound of soft plush paws stepping over the same ground, an aged and crooked plush wanders along in silence. The soul core that is her tail was crooked at the end, to match the bent needle she held for a cane, and the hunch in her back that, at one point in her previous life, had been from a kinked spine due to injury. She had her pale green hood down at the moment, and carried a medium sized bag for seashell collecting.

Whenever she saw one she fancied, she'd pause and use the wider top of her cane to lift it from the ground to her paw and put it into her bag after taking a moment to admire it.

"Such lovely things nature creates." She croaked to herself in her wise old voice.

With a glance towards the crowded skyline of concrete towers, she sighs softly. "Its a wonder this beach is so quiet, being so close to the Market."